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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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The Tariff.

It is a favorite argument of the free-traders that tariff protection operates to the disadvantage of the laborer, because it compels him to pay more, to the extent of the import duty, for the necessities of life than he would pay in the absence of the duty. They insist that the increased price of living resulting from tariff taxation more than overbalances the difference between the wages in this country and in Europe, and that, therefore, the American laborer, though receiving from 50 to 100 per cent. higher wages than the European laborer, is nevertheless, in a worse condition than the latter. But, unfortunately for this argument, it is not true that there is so great a difference between the cost of living here and in Europe as these statesmen allege. The truth is that so far as provisions are concerned they are far cheaper here than in the old countries; and every body knows that the cost of provisions constitutes much the greater part of the laboring man's necessary expenses. As compared to this, the cost of his clothing is insignificant. Working people never dress extravagantly, but always eat heartily. Besides, it is a fact that many articles of the clothing worn by laborers, such as the coarser cotton goods, boots and shoes, &c., are quite as cheap in America as in any other part of the world. But, suppose it be conceded, for argument sake, that under a free-trade system the American laborer's saving in the matter of the cost of living would be as great as claimed by the free-traders, still he would not be benefited a particle, for the obvious reason that the same cause which cheapened his living would to the same extent cheapen his wages. He would simply be living cheaper and working cheaper than he did under the protective system. If the working man is to be always a hireling and nothing else, always a pauper and the capitalist's slave; if he is to neither expect nor hope for any improvement of his condition, for any cause, or rest, or comfort in the course of his whole life, if he is to have no home of his own nor any of the joys that a home can give—if, in a word, there is nothing for him but a life of ceaseless and hopeless toil, then a mere subsistence is enough for him, and it doesn't matter whether his wages be high or low. In this view of the case free-trade is as good for him as protection, but certainly no better. But if he is to be regarded as a human being, and is to be allowed to have the natural aspirations of a human being, to wish for and hope for the possession of a place of abode for himself and family and a chance to educate his children and save them from degradation and misery—if these blessings are not to be denied him, then he must have fair wages, such wages as will enable him to save something out of his yearly earnings in order to save those who are dear to him from a life of servitude and ignorance and all the wretchedness that such a life implies. If the free-traders think a mere living is all that a laborer is entitled to they ought to have the candor to say so and drop the subject of wages from their discussions altogether. If it is right in morals and right according to the principles of true political science for the poor man to be always a poor man and to eternally serve the rich man for his victuals and clothes, the discussion of the question of wages is not only unnecessary, but it is absurd.

Stanford, Oct. 1882. J. B.

CHANCE FOR A STAKE.—They were burying a man who had died in Southern Indiana, when a tramp leaned over the fence and enquired: "Was he a statesman?" "No." "Orator?" "No." "Poet?" "No." "Great inventor, or any thing of that sort?" "No; he was simply an honest man." "Oh, that's it, eh? Why don't his widow take the body over to Chicago and put it on exhibition? She'd make a stake!"

Coru huskings are now the fun in the country, and you know that finding a red ear outlike a fellow to kiss any girl in the crowd, and if we get any invitations to coru huskings this year we shall wear loose clothes with big pockets and they'll be just jam stuffed full of red ears of corn. That's the sort of man we are!

Hallowed Souvenirs.

Our old friend Charlie Herbst, Librarian at Macon, Ga., has put us under obligations for copies of the Charleston, S. C., Tri-Weekly Mercury, of dates Nov. 30, '61 and Jan. 17, '65. We shall cherish them to our hearts as hallowed souvenirs of the bitter-sweet days of the dreary past, and grieve that as inviolate as we can from the rough touch of time's ruthless hands. The former is a neatly printed folio printed on American white paper and is full of hope and energy. The latter is a half-sheet printed on Confederate brown paper, and is voiced with the sentiment of frail hope mingled with despair. The markets in the latter, quote brown sugar at \$6 per pound; flour, \$20 per barrel; bacon, \$2 per pound; axes, \$10 each; army shoes, \$25 per pair; camp kettles, \$8 each; army mules, \$1,000 each; artillery and cavalry horses, \$800 to \$1,000; brown cotton, \$6.50 per yard; wheat, \$8 per bushel; yarn, \$5 per lb.; socks, \$2 per pair; sweet potatoes \$2, and Irish potatoes \$5 per bushel; army wagons, \$600; rice, 25 cents per lb.; pork \$1 per lb.; whiskey and brandy, \$5 per gallon; iron, \$625 per ton; leather, \$6.50 per lb.; molasses, \$8 per gallon; corn meal, \$5 per bushel; butter, \$1.50 per lb.; beef, 5 cents per lb., &c., &c. With goods at the above prices and fighting an army of more than two to one, think of a poor Confederate's chance on his lease on life at \$13 per month pay in the popular currency! The subscription rates to the '65 edition were \$60 per annum. —[Bourbon News.]

The New York Herald Declares for Cleveland.

Seeing clearly through what conflicts with the wealth, the power, the selfishness, the greed, the ambition and the knavery of monopolists—both chartered and individual monopolists—and their political dependents, the State of New York is destined speedily to pass, the Herald does not delay to choose its side in this encounter. It chooses the side of the people, and therefore advocates unreservedly the election of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill in preference to Mr. Folger and Mr. Carpenter. We can conceive of circumstances under which Mr. Folger would be a trustworthy Governor, but we do not recognize those circumstances in the conditions of his present candidacy. As the issue is defined in this campaign the election of the republican candidates for Governor and Lt. Governor would be a triumph of wirepullers and monopolists over public rights and liberties.

As for 1884, let it take care of itself. It is two years ahead. If the republican party of New York loses the advantage of the control of the State government in the next Presidential canvass it has nobody but itself to blame. It has forfeited it justly.

ONLY AN EDITOR.—A Little Rock newspaper man while out in the country stopped at a rude farm-house for dinner. Thinking that his profession would insure extra attention he remarked to the farmer: "Needn't put yourself to extra trouble for me, for I am only an editor." "A what?" asked the farmer, regarding the visitor with newly awakened interest. "A newspaper man." "Wall, I reckon you can get anything to eat any how. Some folks mount not gin you nothin' on this account, but I never was very particular. But hold on. Editor did I understand you to say?" "Yes, sir, I am an editor, and, however unfavorable it may strike you, I must say that I am proud of my calling." "I'll bet \$100 that you are one of the fellows that helped to take hell outen the Bible. Reckon you'd better travel. Never mind that corn bread and buttermilk, Jule." —[Arkansas Traveler.]

JOHN G. CARROLL.—"He belongs to what is called the stunted cat school of able men, assuming nothing, being an actor at no time and rather slow in the compliments of speech. He is a solid sensible man, little above middle size, with rather dark complexion, with eyebrows which show extraordinary perception, a nose long, straight in the bridge and swollen in the proboscis, and a mouth cleanly shaven so as to show its good, generous size, with the lips cut straight. His friends say that he has much of the mental capacity and habits of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, but with less smallness, motive and process." —[Gath.]

Senator Windom went into the Senate on his first term a very poor man. He is now completing a \$100,000 residence in Washington, and is said to be worth \$3,000,000. Windom is a financier, so is Grant.

Fall Bonnets.

There are certain signs of the times that never fail, and one is that the waning of the peach crop signifies that women are about to lay in their supply of autumn bonnets. Once the demand upon the masculine purse was for money for one bonnet, but that day is gone, never to return. One bonnet may do for the country, but the feminine head in the city must be in outward harmony with the remainder of its owner's appearance, so bonnets and hats are often as numerous in a lady's autumn outfit as candidates at a State convention. And what precious things some of them are! To be worth its weight in gold is honor enough for almost anything, but some autumn bonnets this year would be considered cheap at twice their weight in the precious metal. Men generally grumble at the cost, but men will grumble about almost anything; woman, however, with that sweet spirit of endurance that is peculiarly and characteristically her own, is seldom heard to bemoan the loss of money spent to adorn the crown of her head or the knot of her hair, as the case may be. She wants the bonnet, so she persuades herself she needs it; then she persuades her husband; the bonnet comes and the money goes, and where is the sense of wishing it back? The autumn bonnet is like the autumn election—exciting to look forward to, but most satisfactory when all is paid for and the worst is known.

Col. Swope for Governor.

The Paducah Times says: "Col. A. M. Swope is being talked of as the next republican candidate for Governor. Col. Swope would fill the gubernatorial chair with ability. If nominated he will make a spanking race and in all respects is eminently fitted for the position. Col. Swope at the helm of the ship of State, we would be able to, redeem the character of our Commonwealth and above all things would have no end to the seemingly ceaseless parading machine."

We heartily endorse every word of the foregoing. Col. Swope represents republicanism in its truest and broadest sense. It is just such men as he that the party needs at its head in this State, to give it increased dignity before the people. Republicans all over the State are beginning to tire of the poor class of nominees who have nothing to recommend them but their own ambition, and are beginning to clamor for good, true men. Let us have Col. Swope and an active canvass for Governor and we will see the old time majority of the democrats melt away like the morning frosts before the god of day. —[Maysville Republican.]

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, frequently illustrates his speeches with anecdotes, or rather, parables, which he relates in a manner that seldom fails to bring down the house, no matter how much the majority may disagree with him politically. Speaking not long ago against a bill which he considered "penury-wise and pound foolish," he said it reminded him of a kind old man who lives at the top of a hill in North Carolina. One day a wagoner came by and, unluckily, got his team "stalled" at the foot of the hill. To the old man's house he went, asking the loan of a pair of mules and a "fifth chain" to help him up the hill. Said the kind old man: "My friend, I have not got a pair of mules or a fifth chain to save your life. But I am always anxious to help a man in distress; I can lend you the best fiddle you ever drew a bow across."

Did you ever think that when we get to heaven—we do get there—most professional gentlemen will be thrown out of employment? The doctor will have nothing to do, because every body will be well; the lawyer will have to take his sign down and seek some honest employment, because there will be no quarrels and no litigation, and the minister can't preach his old sermons any more, because the people will be too good to listen to them.

A West End boy whose schoolmates put a pin in his chair, had the nerve to keep his seat and even look unconcerned until he had a chance to extract it unnoticed. It was tough for him, but he knew he had the satisfaction of filling their souls with disappointment.

The Rev. J. C. Sullivan was the elderly and respected pastor of the Methodist church at Salem, O., but he had to resign when it came out that he wrote to young Mrs. Halwe, one of his converts: "I hunger to press your pouting, pretty, and persimmon-like lips to mine."

An Office Beset With Danger.

It would seem that the man who fills the office of city marshal in Kentucky does so at a great risk of life; and yet the office does not often go begging. In illustration we cite a few cases:

Clint. Huts, city marshal of Covington, in the discharge of his duty, had his right arm so badly shattered by a rifle ball, to save his life, amputation at the shoulder was resorted to. John Thompson, who succeeded Huts in the office, was shot and killed in the dusk of the evening, at the Covington approach of the suspension bridge. There was no clue to the murder, and the mystery which surrounded the tragedy has never been unveiled.

Some eighteen months since the city marshal of Mt. Sterling was killed while making an arrest. About three months since D. L. Lane, marshal of Augusta, was shot and killed by a man whom he had at one time arrested.

A few days since city marshal Geo. Cole, of Georgetown, while attempting to arrest some parties who were having a difficulty on the streets, was savagely set upon by George and John Devers, and, in defending himself, was compelled to shoot the former.

On Sunday night, Sep. 10, Jerry Lee, Chief of Police of Frankfort, was shot while attempting to make an arrest. He lingered until the 18, when he died from the effect of the wounds. —[Covington Commonwealth.]

Thoughtful Mary.

"I don't see how I'd get along without Mary, now," Mrs. Blutecher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features and put another ladle of soft soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating out from the adjoining parlor. "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, now. Always on these days when I have the tinnest work, she just picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet Rest By and By,' and 'Mother's Growing Old,' and sings 'em for me before she goes out on the lawn to play croquet with the other young folks. Tain't every gal but be so thoughtful, I kin tell you. Now most of 'em ud jist bang away with 'Jorlon's a hard road to travel,' or 'Whoo! 'em up Liza Jane,' but she nint none of that sort. She's a pile o' comfort," and Mrs. Blutecher fanned herself with her apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water. —[Toledo American.]

Says Congressman A. H. Stephens.

"Never did I refuse to support the nominee of my party except once, and that was when the democrats openly and unwisely made what was called a 'new departure' and nominated Mr. Greeley. Well, I never made any departures. I never departed from principles; I never shall. When Mr. Greeley's platform was announced I did not believe it was right to stand upon it. My friends said they didn't believe in it, any more than I did, but they 'wanted to win!' But I have never wanted to win except I was right. I have said, and say now, that I believe in nominations as the best way to secure concert of action, and when a man goes into a nominating convention and remains in it, in my judgment he is bound in honor to abide by it unless some fraud or foul play is discovered. I am for a fair nomination, a free ballot and a fair count."

Investigation has shown that Arabi spent only a million dollars in carrying on his little war. We move that President Arthur appoint him Secretary of the Treasury when Folger resigns. A man who can run a tolerably respectable war with a million dollars would be a handy man around the house when economy is desired, and doubtless would be the death of all such fellows as Jay Hubbell. —[Lexington Transcript.]

The ring that Mr. Hargis has had in the nose of the democracy of this county has slipped out and they propose doing their own thinking in the future. —[Flemingsburg Times.]

A queer fish, recently captured at Shelbyville, had but one eye, and that was in the center of its head. The fish was about four inches long, and had two short legs.

What is the difference between a blonde and a locomotive? One has a light head and the other has a head-light.

It looks like they are running a thing into the ground when the get to making "aesthetic coffins." —[Bourbon News.]

Point lace stockings are the latest craze; but every body does not see the point.

FOR SALE!

6 HANDSOME RESIDENCES.

Having determined to locate my family in Lexington, Ky., I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1882.

My Handsome Residences, all the best located property in Stanford, three of them nearly new, and of them well improved. They are now occupied by H. O. Alfred, P. J. Anthony, May Hewitt, Dr. Wilson, Geo. H. Bruce and myself.

Terms—One-third cash; balance in equal payments, one and two years; 8 per cent. interest from date. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock A. M., at residence of Geo. H. Bruce. Sale positive, and don't you forget it. 82-01. W. CRAIG.

MYERS HOTEL, STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop.

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation, AND Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to be made for Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and cigars.

CONDENSED TIME.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD LINE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

March 1, 1882.	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Richmond	6 00 a.m.
" Lancaster	8 00 "
" Lexington	7 10 "
" Crab Orchard	8 25 "
" Stanford	9 10 "
" Shelbyville	9 25 "
" Nashville Junction	10 05 "
" Michelsburg	9 25 "
" Lebanon	11 00 "
" New Haven	12 10 p.m.
Arr. Nashville Junction	12 47 "
" Cincinnati Junction	2 10 "
Louisville	2 25 "

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

March 1, 1882.	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Louisville	8 30 a.m.
" Nashville Junction	2 05 p.m.
" Cincinnati Junction	2 26 "
" Lebanon	4 10 "
" New Haven	5 00 "
Arr. Richmond	5 00 "

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

To Memphis, Little Rock, Mobile, Montgomery, and New Orleans. Emigrants to Texas have the choice of two routes: via Memphis or via New Orleans. Time much quicker and rates lower than by any other route. It is the best.

QUICKEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST

Route to all points in Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and all points in the South. For further information about tickets to the South, address C. P. ATMORE, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Louisville, Ky. Or F. J. Anthony, Agt., Stanford, Ky.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

Under an energetic and liberal management, the Ohio & Mississippi Railway has nearly doubled its passenger business during the last five years and at the present rate it will more than double it again in the next three years, which speaks well for the policy pursued. This increase is entirely attributable to the fact that passengers have been properly taken care of on this road by being provided with first-class accommodations, fast and regular time, making a surety of securing all connections. The President of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition has made a marked success of this years exhibition by carrying into that enterprise the same energy, tact and well digested plans as has characterized his management of the Ohio & Mississippi Railway, and we feel certain that the traveling public will at all times receive from the O. & M. people all they promise in their advertisements. The fastest time between Cincinnati and St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati and Louisville and St. Louis, is made by this road, which runs solid trains, with Palace Sleeping Cars, Luxurious Passenger Coaches, Baggage and Express Cars through without change. In Chicago the other day a stranger asked a policeman the location of a certain newspaper office, saying that he was an out-of-town subscriber and had come in to pay his bill. He was arrested and sent to a lunatic asylum. A very rich man said: I worked like a slave till I was forty years old to make my fortune; and have been watching it ever since for my lodging, food and clothes. What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight and the horses make the cargo. The best reason yet advanced for having Monday wash day, the next day after Sunday, is because cleanliness is next to godliness. "Mine, minus, minus." This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stocks. One who keeps school should be a person who keeps cool.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

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—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, Musical Instruments, Cigars, Liquors, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Fire Arms, Machine Needles, Oils, Lamps, Soaps, Perfumery, Cutlery, Pocket Knives.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

E. P. OWSLEY

—Has Just Opened a Fine Stock of—

BRAND NEW GOODS,

—Consisting of—

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes,

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

—Also, a Nice Line of—

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, TRUNKS

I am opening daily a Full line of the Best Goods in the Market, to be sold at Bottom Prices. Call and examine.

TIM W. HIGGINS, Salesman.

PENNY & McALISTER, JEWELERS.

The LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice, and Warranted.

M'Alister & Bright

GROCERS,

St. Asaph Block, Stanford.

OUR STOCK IS ALWAYS COMPLETE.

It embraces Staple and Fancy Groceries, Patent and Family

Flour, Meal, Bacon and Lard, Tobacco and Cigars, Wood-

en, Willow and Tinsware, Glass and Queensware. Canned

Goods of all kinds a specialty. Remember the place, "The

Corner Store."

To sow grain in corn land or any ordinary land no preparation is needed where this implement is used; simply drive into the field and go to work.

THE ALBION

HARROW, CULTIVATOR & SEEDER.

Three First-Class Implements Combined in One.

Making the best and cheapest implement ever produced. An implement that is indispensable in every crop cultivated.

The Albion Spring-Tooth Sifted Harrow and Seeder.

For less money than required to obtain a grain drill, which can only be utilized in one crop, this implement can be had, which will put in all kinds of small grain in the very best manner in less time and with less labor than the best grain drill made.

Position of Teeth and Lever while at work.

Then by detaching the Seeder you have the best Harrow in the world, one that will do more work in once going over the ground than an ordinary harrow will in a dozen, besides doing the work faster and with more ease.

Position of Teeth and Lever while not in use.

After planting your crop, by removing these teeth you can thoroughly pulverize the soil, cultivate and destroy the weeds in two rows of corn at a time, a thing that no other cultivator will do. An first stated, here is an implement that can be used in every crop cultivated and one that is needed in none by any other implement, durable and simple. Farmers, come and see it, get a sample and try it. If it does not do what we claim for it, we do not want your money.

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agent, Stanford, Ky.

W. L. WITHERS, Agt., Lancaster, Ky. R. H. WEAREN, Agt., Richmond, Ky.

GREEN & WILLIAMS, Agts., Hustonville, Ky.

Non. T. B. Montgomery's Testimonial.—I have cultivated my crop of corn this season with the Albion Combined Cultivator, Harrow and Seeder and can say without hesitation that it is the best harrow or cultivator I have ever seen. Can plow ten acres of corn a day with all ease. It does its work perfectly, and I can cheerfully recommend it to my farmer friends. Thos. B. Montgomery.

To sow grain with this Seeder no extra hand is required to clean it from fifth as this is all done by the driver without stopping or getting off his seat.

There is a pleasing contrast between the way a good honest democrat acts when he is nominated for an office and the way a republican does under similar circumstances. The former if he is holding office straightway resigns, the latter holds on to a certainty as long as possible and makes his calling and election sure before he thinks of such a thing. We are forcibly reminded of this in the case of Gen. Stoneman, who has been given the democratic nomination for governor of California and Secretary of the Treasury, Folger, who has been nominated for governor of New York. Gen. Stoneman held a Colonel's commission on the retired list of the army which paid him \$3,500 per annum and which he has promptly given up. Folger continues to hold the office given him by Arthur and is using that office to promote his election. The difference is just that between an honest man and a rogue.

Justice is so seldom meted out with promptness and dispatch in this State, that it should be chronicled and commended whenever it is done. Doud Graves about two weeks ago shot and killed almost without provocation, one Hollis Rose, of Madison. He was arrested and the grand jury being in session, he was at once indicted. His trial followed in a short time and in less than ten days from the time of the killing, he was en route to the penitentiary to serve a term of 21 years or as long as Blackburn shall see fit. If the law could always be as quickly vindicated and as surely, crime would cease in a great measure and the "dark and bloody ground" might change its appellation to one more encouraging of immigration.

The Danville Tribune is disgusted with Mr. Billy O'Bradley for withdrawing and says his action is almost universally condemned by republicans and is regarded by democrats as a flat back-down and an acknowledgment of defeat. We suppose, however, that the Tribune is at heart glad to have him out of the race, as the support it gave him was solely because of Bradley's politics and not for love of Bradley as a man. His decided preference for Linney for postmaster and his efforts in his behalf and against the interests of brother Murphy, were not calculated to make him love Bradley overly much and he didn't.

JOHN GAINES seems never to feel unless he is sniffling gore. He has not been running his Howling Green paper a month before he denounces a brother editor as a liar and a slanderer and gets called a dog in return. Hughes, the editor of a republican paper there is the object of his wrath at present, and as Hughes has published a card stating where he can be found at all hours, we suppose, judging from Gaines' previous actions, that he will not be long in seeking him.

The Louisville Exposition's Press Rooms under the management of Hon. M. W. Larus, of the Sunday News, is one of the pleasantest places to spend an hour that we know of, which proves that the right man is emphatically in the right place. The exhibits this year are larger, more comprehensive and of a higher order than we have ever seen in Louisville and we are glad to know that the attendance is greater than ever before.

The white republicans did not have the nerve to put up one of their number against Blackburn in the Seventh District, so they met in Lexington Friday and nominated a negro, the Rev. J. W. Asbury, of Cynthiaus. He would never have been nominated had there been the slightest show for his election and the negroes generally will see that the empty honor was intended merely for a bait.

There are already seven candidates for Register of the Land Office, four for Attorney General, a dozen or so for Leut. Gov., with the election early a year off and not one half of the back counties heard from. Truly the hope of being elected to office springs eternal in the breast of the average Kentuckian.

The Harrodsburg Enterprise calls him Judge J. M. Owsley, the editor probably thinks stands for James Madison. That wouldn't be a bad name, but it is not so nice as the proper one. "Michael H. Owsley, the next governor of Kentucky, at your service, sir."

The Lexington Press says we are spiteful and ill-natured when anybody opposes Mr. Barnes. Not so; but we do hate to see a fellow try to obtain a little notoriety by pulling down a man whose sole mission on earth is to do good.

The pernicious and costly example of Gen. Grant in abandoning the seat of Government, and in turning over the great public business to irresponsible clerks for months, has been adopted by Gen. Arthur as worthy of imitation. He and his Cabinet, with temporary exceptions, have been absent from Washington since the adjournment of Congress, and most of them are still wandering in distant parts of the country. The President is paid fifty thousand dollars a year, and is furnished with all the equipments for a luxurious household at the public expense, with a contingent fund of eight thousand dollars per annum, which is practically an addition to the salary. The Cabinet receive eight thousand a year, and enjoy many privileges and perquisites little known to the public. These officials are servants of the people, and nothing more, whatever airs they may put on. The President and Secretaries take oaths to perform their duties faithfully. They are supposed to be present to perform them. They draw the pay with punctilious regularity, and we agree with the New York Sun that they should be made to earn it.

It may be mentioned as one of the signs of the times, that President Garfield's widow has lately purchased an elegant residence on one of the most fashionable avenues in Cleveland, for the sum of \$50,000 cash. [Sunday Argus. Yes, and our over sentimental Congressman can hardly wait for Congress to meet to make her another appropriation. It is so easy to give away other people's money.

The Covington Commonwealth thinks the fact that John D. White does not consider Matt Adams a gentleman, is the best evidence in the world that he is and ought to increase Adams' standing and popularity everywhere. Jesus so.

The "widow Callahan," of Texas has 50,000 head of sheep, and is the largest individual owner in sheep in the country. Twice a year long trains of wagons take the wool product to San Antonio.

The Elizabethtown News remarks that the Wickliffe Tribune is a "slaky" concern, because it failed to appear last week for the reason that the whole establishment was stricken down with the chills.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—There were 120 failures in the U. S. last week.

—At Philadelphia one of the star routes was convicted.

—Wm. F. Barrett, a distinguished lawyer of Louisville, is dead.

—It is believed the public debt reduction for September will reach \$15,000,000.

—The assessment of the Illinois railroad, which embraces 7,539 miles, is fixed at \$36,727,530.

—Hon. John G. Simbell was appointed by the Governor to fill the unexpired term of Vice Chancellor Pope.

—The Courier-Journal is spreading itself. It now has a branch office in Cincinnati, with W. J. Lampton at its head.

—The grand jury of Jefferson county signed a paper censuring the miserable management of the Anchorage Asylum.

—The Grand Lodge of Masons meets in Louisville on Tuesday, October 17, and the Grand Chapter on Monday, Oct. 16.

—The show case of C. O'Connell, jeweler, was robbed at the Cincinnati Exposition of \$9,000 worth of diamonds and the thieves are still at large.

—There have been 733 cases of yellow fever and 78 deaths at Pensacola. The disease is still spreading. In Texas, its fury appears to be abating.

—Rev. H. O. Hoffman, of Lincoln Illinois, on trial for seducing his house girl, has been found guilty and expelled from the Methodist ministry.

—The Prohibitionists have called a conference in Louisville for Oct. 13, to consider the expediency of nominating a full ticket at the next State election in Kentucky.

—The arrest made in Caldwell county, Ky., proves to be the genuine Jim Cummings of the Jesse James gang, and he will be sent to Missouri for trial for his many train robberies.

—F. W. Phelps, one of the wealthiest men of Butler county, hitherto indicted for forging a timber contract, has been convicted of the crime and his punishment fixed at two years in the penitentiary.

—A Commission consisting of L. S. Howell, Green Clay Smith and others has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury to select a site for the Louisville Custom House for which \$500,000 was appropriated by the last Congress.

—Theodore Bonta and Winter Brewer fired several rounds at each other in Mercer Saturday, in which Bonta was slightly grazed in the arm and the leg of the horse on which he sat was broken. Brewer's intimacy with Bonta's wife, who has left him is the alleged cause of the trouble.

—J. Booker Reed, of this city, has been selected as Chairman of the State Democratic Central Committee. He is a young man with a practical knowledge of political affairs and no end of git-up-and-git.

—He will install new life into the committee and make the fight a rattling one all along the line. [C. J.]

—The Blackburn pardon bill is running at a lively rate. Yesterday three convicts from Kenton county, convicted of the gravest crimes, were pardoned out of the penitentiary. What influence was brought to bear is at this writing unknown; but the Assistant Secretary of State gets \$2 for each pardon issued. [Covington Commonwealth.]

—An English engineer was sentenced to ten years imprisonment at Vera Cruz for causing a collision on the Mexico and Vera Cruz Railroad.

—Eight negroes have died of wounds received in the riot at Lancaster, S. C. which occurred as Col. Cash, the duelist and independent candidate, was speaking.

—The assessment of the Knoxville branch of the L. & N. R. R., is fixed at \$12,000 per mile; the Richmond branch at the same and the Cincinnati Southern at \$30,000 per mile.

—The Kentucky Republic has gone up the flume, because it did not receive a sufficient support to justify its continuance. Capt. Neale, the editor, gets a fat berth in Col. Swope's office.

—At Jefferson Springs, Ark., an old farmer, P. L. Dunn, whose wife had abandoned him, put the muzzle of a loaded pistol in his mouth, pulled the trigger and ended his earthly misery.

—It has been decided to retain for the present 12,000 men in Egypt to carry on and consolidate the work for which the suppression of Arabi Pasha does little more than clear the way.

—Four members of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, last week made a ride of 118 miles through the country near Boston. This is the longest single day's ride ever accomplished in this country.

—The value of stamps, envelopes, cards, etc., sold by the Post office department during the fiscal year recently closed amounted to \$30,533,317.21, an excess of nearly five millions over the year previous.

—A committee of Brooklyn Young Republicans called on Secretary Folger, and requested that he withdraw from the candidacy for Governor of New York. He said he couldn't, which is taken as settling the question.

—Hon. Carter H. Harrison, the popular Mayor of Chicago, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third Congressional District. Mr. Harrison is a native Kentuckian, and has served two terms in Congress.

—The monument over the grave of a daughter of ex-President Tyler, at Hollywood Cemetery, near Richmond, Va., was broken by a vandal who left as a written excuse for the act that he took exception to it as a work of art.

—John D. White, and Matt Adams are as much "out" that there will be no joint canvass. Mr. White said yesterday that he did not consider Adams a gentleman. They are going to send out a party of national engineers soon to search for something in this world that suits White besides himself, and what he does. They won't find anything. [Louisville Commercial.]

—The steamer, R. E. Lee, the largest and swiftest on the Mississippi River, burned to the water's edge, 35 miles below Vicksburg, at 3 A. M., Saturday, destroying the lives of 21 persons and its valuable cargo, which included 512 bales of cotton. The fire originated in the pantry and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to awaken the sleeping passengers and run the boat in before before she was entirely consumed. She originally cost \$180,000.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Lancaster.

—Mr. Eugene Land, a wealthy gentleman of Fayette county, was married today to Miss Belle Smith, a very estimable young lady of lower Garrard.

—The contract for building three miles on the extreme end of the Lancaster and Buckeye Turnpike has been awarded to Mr. H. C. Haynie, of Madison county at \$2,150 per mile and the work will begin at once.

—"Hogback" was the name of a post-office opened in this county, but the people of the neighborhood preferred the inconvenience of a few miles travel for their mail to the convenience of an office with such a name, hence it is no more.

—Mr. Dudley Portwood and family left last week for Terrell, Texas, where he has a stock ranch and interests in a big stone quarry. Sam Duncan has been appointed a U. S. store-keeper in the Louisville District. The accomplished and fascinating Miss Maria Belle Doty, of Hyattsville, has returned from a protracted visit to Lexington and other points. Mr. Barclay, of Fayette, is visiting his sister, Mrs. F. O. Young. Messrs. H. G. Sandifer, Hubert McGowan and other Masons of Danville, were in the procession at the burial of Dr. Burdett.

—W. L. Kavanaugh has just returned from a trip through Tennessee. He was on the train with the Sheriff who was killed by the Taylor brothers in order to rescue their brother who was being taken to the penitentiary. After the shooting Kavanaugh was the only passenger left in the coach beside the murderers, one of whom approached him and asked if he had any money, to which he replied, "yes, he had a little but was a long way from home and needed it." Taylor thought under the circumstances his (T's) needs were more pressing and Kavanaugh had to fork over \$30 but feels satisfied he will get it again.

—The death of Dr. Steven L. Burdett occurred at his home near here on Saturday, Sept. 30th. The Doctor's illness began with the Sellers' riot at which time, while going across town to attend a wounded man at the Court-house, he was fired upon by a crowd of negroes and severely wounded in the leg. By this he was rendered a cripple and his health declined very fast. Thinking a change of climate would be beneficial to him he went to Florida several years ago and bought a farm which he stocked with orange and other fruits and which place he has made his home during the winter, returning to Kentucky in the summer. In this manner his life has probably been prolonged several years, but his death at any time would not have been a surprise. Until within the last week he expected to return to Florida within a few days, but God ruled otherwise, and his last moments were passed among his relatives and friends by whom he was loved and appreciated. His widow (having married since his residence in the South), who was a model of devotion, but no children. The funeral was preached by Eld. J. L. Allen of the Christian Church, assisted by Rev. J. R. Peoples, of the Methodist Church, Sunday

at 3 o'clock, P. M., after which the body was buried with Masonic honors. He was an Odd Fellow also, and that Order was to have assisted at the burial but unforeseen circumstances compelled the burial a day earlier than had been announced and its members were not prepared.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Hustonsville.

—Messrs. Hille & Mounce shipped to Cincinnati last week one car load cattle, and one ditto sheep. T. Carpenter shipped at same time one car load heavy cattle. They report a good market, but the prices obtained were not communicated.

—I inadvertently did injustice to my friend Will Cloyd when I stated that the Duon-Hinn marriage ceremony was performed by Mr. Williams. As Will is very young and a bachelor, he deserves credit for the nerve with which he bound another in bonds of which he fights shy himself.

—Wm. Craig (colored), sowed 11 bushels Fultz wheat on 11 acres. From this he threshed 171 bushels, 100 of which he delivered at the McKinney mill on Saturday, at 90 cents per bushel, and received a premium as having the best wheat received there this season. The remainder of the crop was eagerly taken by neighbors for seed, at \$1.

—Rev. J. C. Randolph, of Danville, was here last Wednesday night, and treated our people to a presentation of his theory of the "Second Advent." I was not in town and hence missed the opportunity to hear, and am thus unable to speak of the performance. Many, however, whose opinions I have heard, seem to have been very favorably impressed.

—Wheat sowing is progressing rapidly now that the ground seems to be in a yielding mood. Corn cutting is also getting lively. As usual, most of the hogs in this section will be pushed for an early market. The supply of this interesting quadrupel is short, but dread of the remorseless cholera, together with 9 and 10 cents grown on the ground will speedily reduce the number.

—I was conducted on Saturday through the mercantile establishment of D. S. Jones & Sons, at McKinney, and was astonished at the extent, neatness, convenience and system of their arrangements. They certainly deserve credit for the taste, skill and energy displayed in their enterprise, and, but if they will just give me a hint in that direction I will take pleasure in giving vent to my pent up feelings in the form of a truthful and reliable "ad."

—An apology is due to our handsome young teacher, La Fayette Page. My ambiguous notice of his tea drinking has suggested a doubt as to his sobriety. Now I can not be instrumental in casting such a blot on so fair a Page. The allusion was to a little episode well understood here. Mr. P. who does not drink coffee, happened to visit a young lady just about supper time. She, being doubtless flattered by his unexpected appearance, in her haste to prepare his favorite beverage, got hold of the ginger canister instead of the tea caddy. Of course it was a rather pungent cup she presented him; and the tears he shed on drinking fully attested the sincerity of his feelings.

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BRUCE, WARREN & CO.'S "RED STAR" BOOTS AND SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT,

—1882.

CHENAUT, SEVERANCE & CO.

—Have just received a very large stock of—

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,

Hats, Trunks,

Valises, &c., &c.

This is one of the Largest Stocks that we have ever had, and in it will be found many new and desirable goods. We invite the public generally to come and inspect our goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.

Having moved to Nicholasville, I will sell privately my farm, containing about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES

On the Danville & Stanford line about 24 miles from Danville. The place is in a good state of cultivation; all in grass except about 3

TREATY-ONE.

BY EDWARD J. HALL.

I'm twenty-one years old to-day,
An independent man;
The letter 'I' has long been to me
A symbol of my own.
Good-bye to mother's apron strings,
Good-bye to father's hand,
I'll gladly leave my father's house
To seek my own way.

Chorus—
A full-fledged man, a tall young man,
A proud young man;
My youth is done, the twenty-one—
I'm old enough to fly.

Now I can vote for President
Upon election day,
As some will need me Sunday nights,
When late I chance to stay,
I've left my gingham apron off,
A long-sleeved coat to wear,
As on my shirt I'll soon begin
To grow a crop of hair.

Chorus—
A full-fledged man, a tall young man,
A proud young man;
Below my nose my mustache grows—
I'm old enough to fly.

No more will daddy's rapier's voice,
As loud as all outdoors,
Sound up the chamber stairs to make
Me go out to the door;
The younger boys may milk the cows
An' feed the stock their hay,
While I'll wait till breakfast time—
I'm twenty-one to-day.

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AN IDYL OF THE PLAINS.

In the spring of 1866 the narrator was serving in the Second United States Cavalry, and was stationed at Fort Laramie. Previous to this there had been much trouble with the Indians, but at that time a profound peace had succeeded, and soldiers and Indians were living on the most friendly terms. In the neighborhood of Spotted Tail was stationed with a whole band of red men, warriors, squaws, and papooses, numbering in all something over 3,000 souls. Many of the females of Spotted Tail were quite good looking. But among them all none was more beautiful than the daughter of the old chief himself, Spotted Tail.

The soldier who tells the story does not remember the girl's Indian name, but knows that she was known to all the garrison as Pauline. The most classic and æsthetic of mortals could not deny her beauty. She had a good forehead, a well-formed head, features almost Grecian in their outline, and a form that any woman might envy, it was so exquisitely rounded, and yet so graceful and stately. Her dress set off all those beauties to the utmost advantage. She was 18 years of age, and walked with a firm, graceful gait, in which every movement seemed perfection. She was wonderfully neat in her personal appearance, and her hair was always dressed in the prettiest and most becoming style, and never hung loosely and slovenly about her head, as did that of most squaws.

No wonder the old chief, her father, loved her, or that all the Indians, as well as the whole garrison, felt the benign influence of her presence. But in all the garrison there was no one who condescended for her so great a passion or who saw his suit met with so much favor as a young Lieutenant in an infantry regiment stationed in the fort. Lieut. Livingstone was the son of a worthy New York family, proud alike of the purity of their blood, the honor of their family name and their undiminished wealth. He was a person of fine, manly presence, and, as the narrator believes, an honorable and high-minded gentleman. By that undefined, indefinable something, call it love, magnetism, electricity, what you please, there sprang up in the hearts of both these young people a mutual feeling of sympathy and affection for each other. Spotted Tail may not at first have looked with favor upon his daughter's choice, but whatever bad opinion he may have had of the Lieutenant was changed by a little episode in which the Lieutenant was a participant. Some of the Sioux had lately been preying on the garrison and had stolen their horses, and looked eagerly for the vengeance which they knew their white friends would visit on the Sioux. A little band of soldiers, in which was included Lieut. Livingstone, started out, accompanied by two Indian guides from Spotted Tail's band. The party traveled all night through a most romantic country; the scenery had a sublime and rugged grandeur, and they passed over high mountains and scaled the edges of deep precipices. When morning came they met the Sioux, killed a great number of them, recovered their horses, took many of the animals from the Indians and rifled the deserted camp of much rich booty. The war had, however, been hotly contested, the Indians fighting like tigers. But no one on the side of the whites had fought with so much fierceness as Lieut. Livingstone. He seemed to care nothing for his own life, but fought with a bravery that was the admiration of all who saw it. The Indian guides brought back to their chief the story of Livingstone's valor, and, as the Indian prizes nothing so highly as bravery, Spotted Tail from that moment looked upon Livingstone as a great hero, and thus began one of those friendships which nothing but death can smother.

Time went on, and there crept into the heart of the Indian the old, old story of the pain and sweetness of a great love. Lieut. Livingstone insisted on marriage according to both the rites of the

children and the red man, and according to the testimony of those who knew the parties it was consummated. In the meantime, however, with her thousand tongues, spread the story far and wide till it reached the houses of the Livingstones in New York. The Lieutenant's mother was plunged into an excess of shame and indignation at her son's conduct; the father had a fit of most un-astronomic rage, and the valiant old man started for the West, determined to push on for Fort Laramie, whatever his or Indians lay in his path, and prevent this most unnatural and dangerous liaison from going further. Out on the plains dreadful stories of Indian massacres and border troubles came to his ears, and the old fellow hurried back to gait and civilization.

Beyond the Rocky mountains the Fort Laramie idyl was nearing its end. A few months of happiness went by, the old chief loving the young man as his son, the daughter evidently finding an earthly paradise with her soldier lover. Here we touch the shadow of a great mystery. Was her husband true or false? All the soldiers know is that he suddenly left the garrison with a scouting party. Was it to obey the call of duty, or did he tire of his Indian bride? For the rest the old chief saw that his beautiful daughter was fading. The rest is soon told. In a few short months, in giving birth to a beautiful child with the sanctity of a great sorrow resting on its little brow, Pauline died. And about three weeks after the young life perished too. In the meantime, many of the soldiers had left to quell some Indian disturbances that were occurring at the time, and the whole story of Pauline's death was unknown to them. It was in the beautiful days of early autumn, and the rare enchantment of the matchless Indian summer lay over everything. In the dying glories of a fairly beautiful day in the fall of 1867 the soldiers were returning to the garrison. As they approached its familiar surroundings they were surprised at seeing a large concourse of other soldiers in the garrison mastered around some object. Later they discovered that many Indians were in the party, and thought that something of an unusual character must be transpiring.

A nearer approach and a few moments' observation and inquiry revealed the significance of the scene. Spotted Tail and his whole band with all the soldiers of the garrison had turned out to celebrate with the most solemn Indian rites the funeral of the old chief's daughter and her child. The blue coats and gilded buttons of the soldiers, mingled with the fantastic attire and picturesque display of color shown by the braves, the wailing of the Indian women, and the funeral rites, made all the more solemn and impressive to the mind of the soldiers from the novelty and mystery connected with them. These ceremonies were celebrated on a small elevation or mound. In the soldiers' ceremony at Fort Laramie Spotted Tail and his whole band, the old chief riding ahead, followed by all his warriors, and the whole company uttering frightful moanings. The squaws, many of them mounted on ponies, came with their hair disheveled and hanging loosely over their shoulders and the front of their persons. Looking around them the soldiers soon saw the place designed for Pauline's sepulcher. On the top of four upright posts the warriors placed a plain white box about four feet wide, nine feet long, and four feet deep. This box contained various articles for the young woman's use in her journey to the happy hunting-grounds. Among these articles were buffalo robes, various kinds of furs and skins, two saddles, and two dirks with elegantly-ornamented handles. There were also three bows and a bunch of arrows, made after the fashion of the Cheyenne tribe, of which Spotted Tail and his family were members.

The box being filled and placed on the poles, the chief made a signal that it should be brought forward. A number of ponies from outside of the cemetery were brought in. Out of all that great herd there was selected one beautiful animal. They then placed on the pony their choicest Indian gear, spotted ribbons, beads, feathers, etc. Spotted Tail then got down from his pony, which was similarly decorated. The first pony, from the care bestowed in its selection, was supposed to be the best in the party, and the other, as it belonged to the chief, was, of course, thought not to rank far behind it in excellence. These ponies were, according to the Indian's theology, designed for Pauline's use during the long journey she would have to make before reaching the happy hunting-grounds. The skins and buffalo robes placed inside the sarcophagus were for her use through the long winter when she would have to wear fur about her for a cloak and around her feet for moccasins. All the other articles had definite uses according to Indian superstitions, but the significance of most of them the soldiers could not determine.

In the account it was stated that Mrs. Livingstone, mother of the Lieutenant, was searching for her son's child. Her search will be in vain, for it died a short time after the death of its mother, and its little sarcophagus is placed on a smaller and shorter system of raised poles beside that of Pauline.

Lieut. Livingstone was not present at the interment of his bride, and was not heard of by the garrison for a long time afterward. Later rumors state positively that he is dead, and it is said he ended his rather romantic life on a voyage to Europe.

Mary Clether says only one girl in five hundred can be happy as a clergyman's wife; but as only one man in five hundred stands in need of a clergyman's wife, we don't see what Mary is growling about.

Lieut. Livingstone insisted on marriage according to both the rites of the

EMERSON'S TRIBUTE TO THE FARMER.

The following worthy tribute to the farmer is from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

The glory of the farmer is that in the division of labor it is his part to create; his trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and meat; the food which was not he causes to be.

The first farmer was the first man, and all his labor rests on possession and use of land. The farmer's office is precise and important, but you must not try to paint him in rose colors. You cannot make pretty compliments to fate and gravitation, whose minister he is. He represents the necessities. It is the beauty of the great economy of the world that makes his commerce. He lends to the order of the seasons, the weather, the soil and crops as the sails of the ship lend to the wind. He represents continents hard labor year after year and small gains.

He takes the pace of seasons, plants and chemistry. Nature never hurried; atom by atom, little by little she achieves her work. The farmer ties himself to nature, and acquires that living patience which belongs only to her. He must wait for his crops to grow.

His entertainments, his liberties and his spending must be on a farmer's scale—not a merchant's. It were as false for farmers to use a wholesale and massy expense as for States to use minute economy.

He has great trusts confided to him. In the great household of nature the farmer stands at the door of the bread-room, and weighs each loaf. It is for him to say if men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly connected with an abundance of food. The farmer is a hoarded capital of health, as the farm is of wealth, and it is from him that the health and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities come. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in cities, who are centers of energy, the driving-wheels of trade, and the women of beauty and genius—are the children and grandchildren of the farmer, and are spending the energies which their fathers' hardy, silent life accumulated in frosty furrows.

He is a continuous benefactor. He who digs a well, constructs a stone foundation, plants an orchard, builds a durable house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone sent by the way-side, makes the land so far lovely and desirable, makes a fortune which he cannot carry away with him, but which is useful to his country long after his death.

Who are the farmer's servants? Geology and chemistry, the quarry of the air, the water of the brook, the lightning of the cloud, the casting of the worms, the plow of the frost. Long before he was born the sun of ages decomposed the rocks, mellowed his land, soaked it with light and heat, covered it with vegetable film, then with forests, and accumulated the sphagnum whose decays made the peat of his meadow.

Whoever, by word or mouth, or by shrug of eyebrow, or by expressive silence, or by stroke of pen, endeavors to give a false and injurious impression respecting another—his character, his opinions or his actions—violates the ninth principle. It is this which introduces all heart-burning into society, and all bitterness into religious and political controversy.—Lyman Abbot.

This is the Pickwickian form which a Western editor adopts to abuse a rival: "Our esteemed contemporary, the miserable, low-lived, scurrilous periodical published on Larimer street."

In Egypt there is a pseudo-legislative body called the Chamber of Notables. The Notables coerce the Khedive, and the army chiefs coerce the Notables.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that all that is required to make a good reporter is a liberal education. A reporter's position is one requiring tact, judgment, courage and a thorough knowledge of the world, and the raw college graduate can no more hold satisfactorily a reporter's position than the reporter can satisfactorily fill a professor's chair. Reporters are born—not made. They have become a class as indispensable to the demands of modern civilization as the locomotive or the electric telegraph and if, while the tired world slumbers, unconscious of the midnight tramp through wind and rain of the daily-newspaper reporter—if, for one night, he were to suspend his labors, then the public would realize the debt it owes to the "Knight of the Note Book."—Philadelphia Press.

ODD THINGS TO EAT.

Squalls are favorite food at fashionable breakfast in London and Paris. Reindeer meat is considered a good dish at some fashionable dinners in New York.

Mexican gourmets eat monkey and parrot flesh, but both are said by the writer in *Chambers' Journal* to taste dry and insipid.

Crocodile steaks are said to be popular at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The flesh is described as delicate and appetizing, with a slightly-musky taste.

The new Chinese Minister brought with him, among other delicacies, a lot of sharks' fins, bird's nest, rice brandy and a kind of cake never seen by American bakers.

Among the rare dishes at the last annual dinner of the Washington Zoological Society were cutlets of hog, a ragout of badger, steaks from 150-year-old crocodile.

ON RIDDLES.

Guessing riddles and studying out puzzles have the same effect upon the brain that running, jumping, wrestling, etc., have upon the body. It is well known that moderate exercise of this kind strengthens the limbs, develops the muscles and makes a person skillful in any of the exercises he may choose to practice. Just so with guessing riddles. To do this all the powers of the intellect are called in play. It quickens and enlightens the brain, expands the intellectual organs, and at each fresh attempt, especially if successful, the brain acquires greater capacity and skill. It makes young persons quick, sharp, alert and observant, and when they arrive at years of maturity it fits them to solve correctly and advantageously to themselves the great puzzle of life.

Riddles are of very high antiquity. The first one that we have any account of was proposed by Samson to the young men of the Philistines, and they were given seven days to answer it, and they certainly would have failed had not Samson's wife given them the answer.

The ancient sages and philosophers of Greece and Rome were in the habit of solving puzzles, and they would also send them to each other. Archimedes, when he rushed from the bath crying out "Eureka!" (I have found it!) had solved a problem that had puzzled him for a long time.

Riddles are also mentioned in some of the fabulous stories of heathen mythology. The Sphinx, who was said to be half woman and half lion, and who lived near Thebes, would ask every one who came to see her a riddle, and if they did not guess it she would devour them. (Edipus was the first one to break the spell. When he visited the sphinx she propounded the following riddle:

"What is that walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon and three at night?"

Edipus answered without hesitation: "It is a man. In infancy, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet; in middle age, which is noon, he walks erect on two legs; in old age he leans on a staff, which serves as a supplementary third foot."

Chaucer, the old English poet, wrote several riddles, and Otway and Dryden, who lived opposite each other on the same street in London, would often amuse themselves by sending riddles and conundrums to each other.

The learned and eccentric Dean Swift wrote a great many very excellent riddles. Lord Byron's riddle on the letter "H" is perhaps the best in the English language.

Charles Dickens, when young, was very fond of guessing riddles, and John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer—who was a schoolmate of mine—was famous when a boy for his powers of intuition, and he was also noted for his aptness at guessing riddles.

In fact, I believe if the history of all the men of genius and talent could be traced to their boy-days it would be found that nine-tenths of them were fond of this high-toned and intellectual amusement.—James B. Marsh, in *Golden Days*.

AN MAD AS A HATTER.

The most striking (in two senses) thing about the hatter's art, in old times when felt hats were made by hand, was the beating up of the felt. Dipping the mass of wool and hair, from which his fabric was to be formed, frequently into hot water, the hatter was then wont to fly at it, as if in passion, and give it a violent beating with two sticks, one held in each hand, till it was matted together into the felt, which, in time, after numerous combings and dressings and shearings, became the stylish beaver worn by the men of fifty years ago. The hatter seemed to be very mad at this object of his labor and "mad as a hatter" needed no explanation in those days.—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

Willie's grandma was trying to teach him the proper way of handing anything to a person, when he asked, "Well, grandma, if you was going to hand a wasp, would you hand it by the sting?"

WILLING TO DIVIDE.

One of the New England regiments which went into the action at Second Manassas had been on short rations for two days, and on that morning some of the companies hadn't a single hardtack left. As the fight opened and the bullets began to sing, one of the men rushed up to his Captain and shouted out:

"Say, Captain, can I be excused?"

"What for?"

"I want to go back and hurry up our provision wagons."

"Can't spare you—fall into line—the wagons are ten miles away."

"Yes, I know they are," protested the soldier, "but I've got hold of a blamed fool who'll bet two to one that I can't make that ten miles in fifteen minutes! Lemme go, Captain, and I'll whack up half the bet."

UNDOUBTEDLY THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Capt. Joe, the local chief of the Washoe Indians, says that there is a squaw living in the outskirts of Carson who is nearly 150 years old. Her grandson, at the age of 60, was one of Gen. Fremont's guides when he crossed the plains.—Carson City (Nev.) Enterprise.

"JOHNIE, here you are at the breakfast table, and your face is unwhipped," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma, I saw the animalcules in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs."

There are 250,000 Hebrews in the United States. Kansas has four women among her county superintendents.

NEW FINDS AT POMPEII.

I visited Pompeii next day, and went straight to the diggings. The only wonder is that anything is ever dug up at all; the process is ridiculously slow, even for Italy. The directors sit all day on the rubbish heaps smoking, and dozens of children file up and down with their baskets of earth, while a few idle peasants shovel up a few lazy spadefuls at a time. Still, the first I saw was the side of a dining-room, uncovered only a few days. On one side was a bright picture of a cock and hens in a great state of excitement over a large basket of grain and cherries, all upset—Landscape could not have done it better. The fondness of the Pompeians for birds, beasts and fishes is very apparent, and they always seemed to be dining. The wealth of cooking apparatus in the museum is astonishing. You have saucepans perforated with countless holes, in most elaborate patterns—every conceivable kind of boiler and caldron; cauldrons for jellies representing the prostate here and the sucking pig; ladders, spoons, skewers, dishes for roasting six eggs or a dozen eggs at once, tongs, forks, grid irons and fancy machines for pastry and delicate confectionery, what in Elizabethan days were called "concoits." In Pompeii itself the oil-pots and wine amphorae let into slabs, and of mosaic work of colored marble, are among the quaintest features of the ruined shops. I saw in another new part a fine dining-room, found three months ago, with some of the loveliest animal painting imaginable. The first section of the walls all around represented the boldest scenes under the sea—a conger struggling with an octopus, a shark pursuing its prey, a school of fish flying through the water, all glittering and fresh. The middle section dealt with birds and wild fowl boating, flying, quarreling, diving; and the upper and largest section gave fierce hunting scenes—a horse pursued by a lion, an ox in desert scenery springing upon a tiger; and all these were set in scenery of great force, variety and character—woods, rocks, rivers and green hills.

The corridors and ante-rooms of this house are equally rich, the walls copiously vignettied with figures—dwarfs on stilts, street scenes, animals. In one room there is a perfectly white suit of marble steps in situ, belonging to a fountain.

What relation is your father's only brother's sister-in-law to you? Your mother's, course.

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